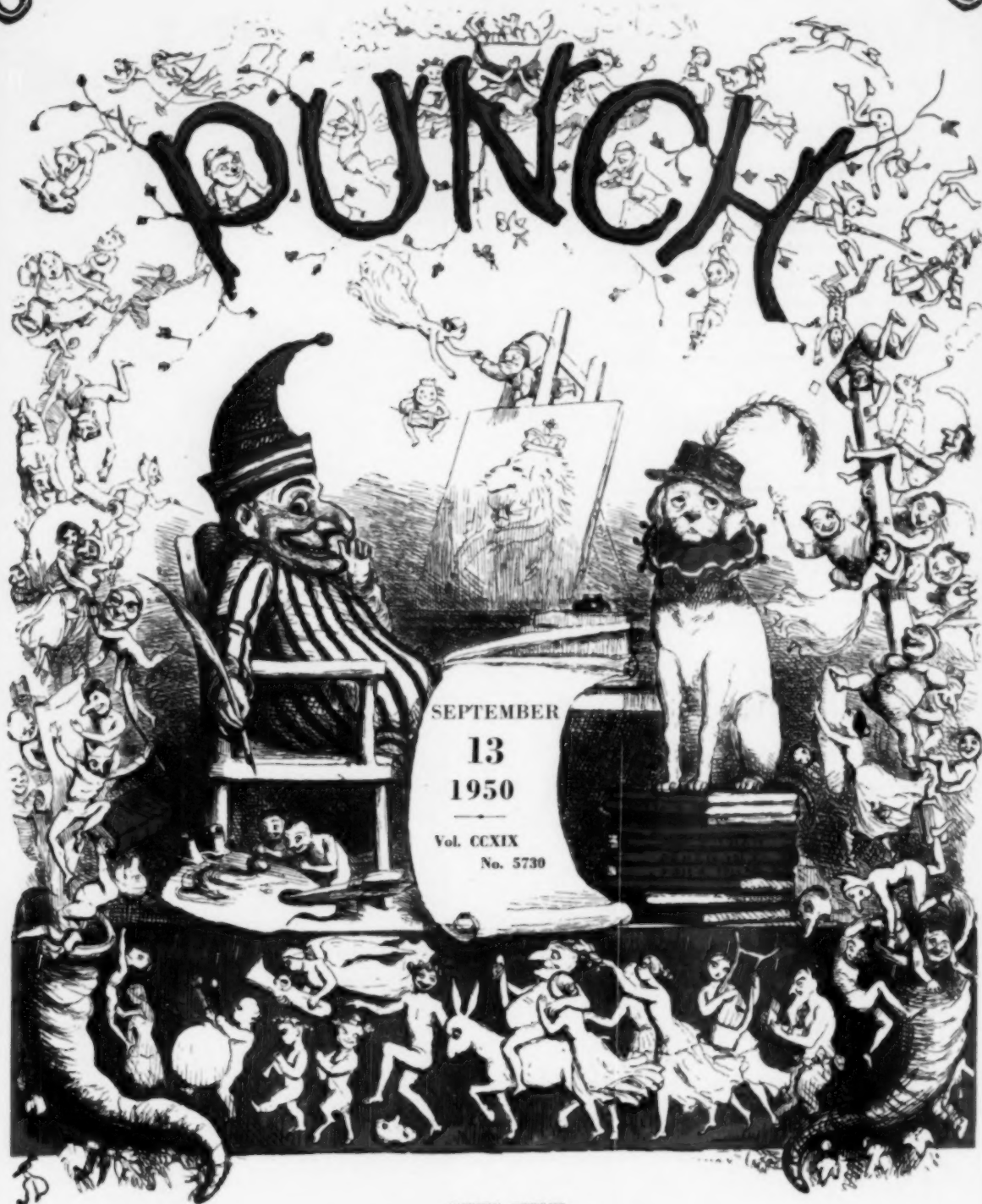


6^d

PUNCH OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI—WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 13 1950

6^d

PUNCH OFFICE
10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E.C.4

Atomic Energy Establishment

WINDSCALE WORKS

Here on the actual site of one of the firm's large war-time contracts, two high chimneys tower above the squat bulk of the atomic piles. It would seem more than a coincidence that this present day contract is being carried out almost within sight of James Laing's first historic contract in the hills of Cumberland over 100 years ago. Between 1848 and 1950, the contrast is complete.

LAING

For speed and efficiency in building and civil engineering

JOHN LAING AND SON LIMITED • Established in 1848

London, Carlisle, Lusaka, Johannesburg.

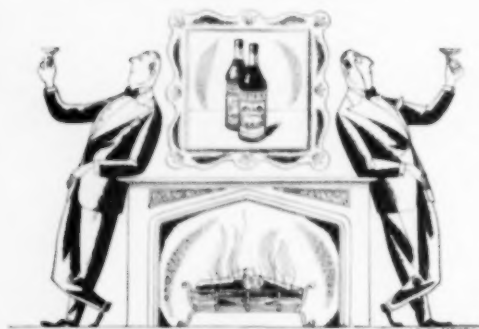


The Italian has leanings for Pisa

This Tower the French have designed

True pillars of British Society

To VOTRIX and Gin are inclined



VOTRIX Vermouth

SWEET 10/- Half bottles 3/6

DRY 12/6 Half bottles 4/6

Whether in
Kenya....

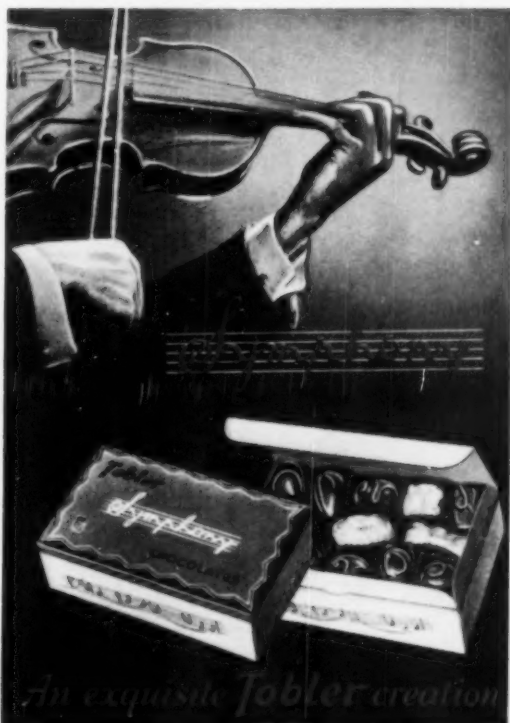


....or in
Khartoum

and wherever fine cigarettes are
appreciated....smokers choose



The House of STATE EXPRESS 210 PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1.





By Appointment Wine Merchants to His Majesty The King



FROM THE CELLARS OF HARVEY'S OF BRISTOL

A sample case of SHERRIES for everyday use

Both the price and the scarcity of the famous "Bristol Cream" and "Bristol Milk" Sherries limit their use. We have, therefore, assembled a case of six of our more moderately priced Sherries, varying in style, but readily available, from which to make your

selection. Ask your friends to help you in this. Each bottle provides at least twelve good sized glasses of Wine, and to make your choice from so interesting a selection will prove an economical and enjoyable form of hospitality.

THE CASE COMPLETE INCLUDING CARRIAGE

CONTAINS:

- 1 Bott. BROWN CAP, pale dry 17/6
- 1 Bott. FINITA, full pale . . . 17/6
- 1 Bott. ANITA, light brown . . 18/-
- 1 Bott. FINO, light pale dry 18/-
- 1 Bott. CLUB AMON-
TILLADO, dry 18/6
- 1 Bott. MERIENDA,
pale medium dry 18/6

110/-



Included in this case is a free quarter-bottle sample of Harvey's "Hunting" Port to be enjoyed by yourself after Dinner. There is no Wine like Port to complete the evening mood.

JOHN HARVEY & SONS LTD.

Founded 1796

Head Office: 5 Pipe Lane, Bristol, 1

London Office: 40 King Street, St. James's, London, S.W.1
P.2

'Alcian' Blue

'Alcian' Blue is a new type of dyestuff which gives the textile printer, for the first time, a brilliant turquoise blue that withstands repeated washing and bright sunshine. Announced to the textile trade in January, 1948, it was the culmination of over ten years' work by two chemists, N. H. Haddock and C. Wood, and a textile printing specialist, R. Thornton, in the I.C.I. laboratories in Manchester. The starting point for their researches was the phthalocyanine group of compounds to which belongs 'Monastral' Fast Blue, an outstandingly permanent and brilliant pigment discovered by I.C.I. chemists in 1935. Pigments are insoluble and although useful for colouring paints, printing ink, lacquers, rubber and plastics, cannot be used as dyes. The importance of 'Alcian' Blue lies not merely in its discovery, but also in the fact that I.C.I. scientists solved the problem both of producing a soluble substance from a pigment and of evolving a simple technique for its use in textile printing and dyeing.





in 7 sizes

**KAYSER
BONDOR**

PRINCESS SLIPS IN
SATIN OR CREPE



TAILORED WITH YOU IN MIND



MOTOLUXE
The crown of COATS

"MOTOLUXE" These tailored fur fabric Coats and Jackets of such high repute are now available in greater variety. Write to us for the name of your nearest Agent.

* MOTOLUXE MOTOR RUGS AND FOOT MUFFS now obtainable for the home trade

LEE BROTHERS (OVERWEAR) LTD., Queen St. Works, 54 Regina Street, London, N.W.1 1848—Established over 100 years—1950

*The Essence
of loveliness
the loveliest
of Essences*

ATKINSONS
Eau de Cologne

AGC 178-55-05

J. & F. ATKINSON LTD., 24 OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1



"When two people . . ."



Those who smoke Craven 'A'
seldom care for other cigarettes

WHEN TWO PEOPLE think exactly alike about anything, it's a kind of minor miracle. When two people think exactly alike about almost everything — then the world's major miracle is about to be born, once again. These likes (and dislikes) are really *us*. More than anything else, they establish our own personal, peculiar character! Millions, for example, dote on Craven 'A'. Not for a king's ransom would they forgo the clean, firm feel of the *natural* cork-tip, so kind to the lips, or the rare, unvarying flavour of rich tobacco, so kind to the throat. . . . Certainly not for any other cigarette.

Exorcism by Telegraph

THERE IS A STORY, as circumstantial as it is apocryphal, of a grizzled Tyneside pilot confronted by his first engine room telegraph. Before that, orders from the bridge had been bawled down to the engineers by a deckhand poised as able-bodied nexus at the open skylight. The old Geordie rang Full Ahead, Slow and Stop. The ship responded instantly. "Not bad" said the pilot contentedly. "Does awa' with all those black devils down below."

The electric switch has also played its part in exorcising a host of domestic demons which formerly bedevilled the woman of the house. Dust and the vacuum cleaner cannot live under the same roof. Hot baths become a matter of impulse instead of having to be planned the night before. Meat, fish, milk and salads rest coolly in the refrigerator throughout the fiercest heat wave. Spotless and efficient the cooker turns out meals on the dot, done to a turn. Washing machine and electric iron make Blue Monday sound like an old wives' tale. Now that domestic servants are almost as rare as white blackbirds it is a matter for congratulation that we have at the tips of our fingers the Servant that lives in the Wall.

Your home is wired to the mains, of course. Quite near you there is an Electricity Service Centre, with a friendly, knowledgeable staff. Get them to show you all the latest developments in household electrical appliances.

ELECTRICITY MAKES LIFE EASIER

Incented by the British Electrical Development Association



DINING ROOM FURNITURE

in mahogany and elm designed by A. J. Milne, M.S.I.A.

Table with mahogany underframe, 3 ft. 6 ins. circular elm top extends to 5 ft. long. The mahogany sideboard has elm doors and panels. The handles are of satin brass.

A selection of furniture of our own design, embodying the fine hand craftsmanship of pre-war days, can be found in our showrooms.

★ Heal's Restaurant is open for morning coffee, lunch and tea. Fully Licensed.

HEAL & SON

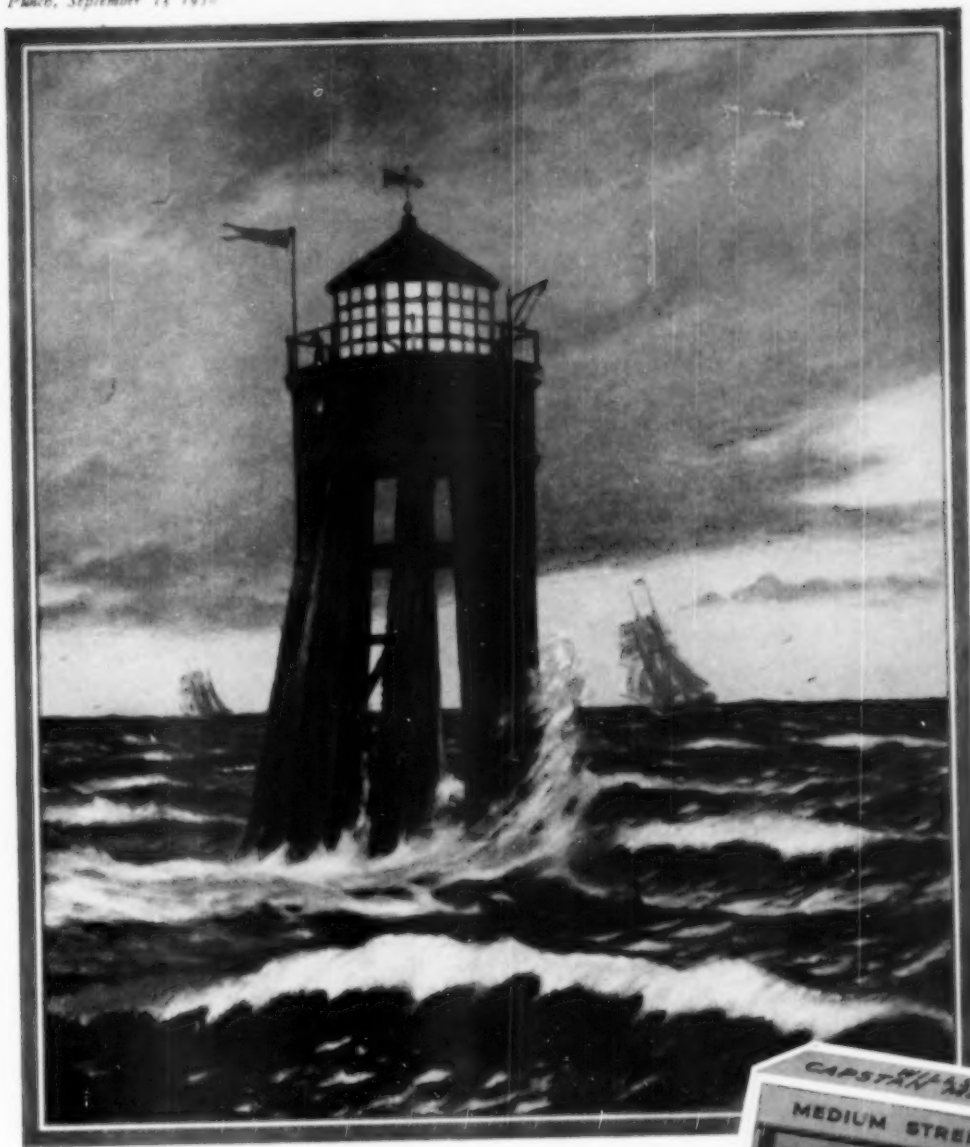
HEAL & SON LTD., 196, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W.1
Telephone: MU5ium 1666 Telegrams: Four poster, Rath, London

**No finer wallpaper
is obtainable
anywhere
in the world**



The Wall Paper Manufacturers Limited

**Crown
WALLPAPERS**



The Smalls Lighthouse . . . 1776

It was in 1773 that Mr. Phillips of Liverpool determined to perform "a great and holy good" by building a lighthouse on The Smalls, a group of rocky islets near St. David's Head.

This worthy man had taken to heart the frequent shipwrecks there—for The Smalls were a part of his possessions.

Henry Whiteside, a musical instrument maker chosen to construct the lighthouse because his charges would be less than those of professional engineers, must have been a minor genius. His skeleton tower, depicted here, built first of iron but soon rebuilt in oak, weathered immense stresses for 80 years.

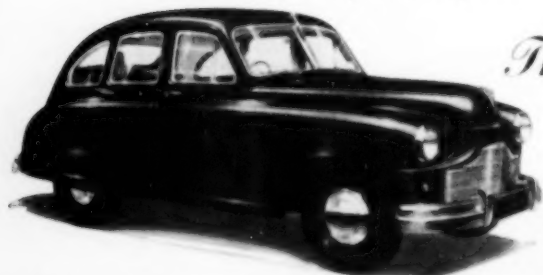
In 1853 it was replaced by a granite tower which continues (in Mr. Phillips' words) "to serve and save humanity".





All that's best in Britain...

There is nothing to compare with the beauty of an English garden . . . let he who doubts step out one Summer morning onto some sun bathed terrace, watch the flowers in all their blaze of colour nodding in the warm breeze, then hear the distant song of a bird . . . a scene that is, indeed, as true and as typical of our country as the craftsmanship that goes into the products of the Standard Motor Company, representing as they do in every detail of their design 'all that's best in Britain.'



The Standard Vanguard

Manufactured by
THE STANDARD MOTOR CO. LTD., COVENTRY
London: 37, Davies Street, Grosvenor Square, W.1.
Telephone: MAYfair 5011

Something just
a little better—

For keeping your hair unruffled, Silvifix is the ideal dressing. Concentrated for economy, a jar of Silvifix lasts 3 to 4 times longer than ordinary dressings. Just a little on the fingertips keeps your hair well groomed all day.



Silvifix
controls the hair without gumming

A Silvikerin product



"APPELLA"
is PURE NATURAL
APPLE JUICE
*drink it
for health*

The pure juice of 2½ lbs. English apples in every bottle, with the rich health-giving natural fruit sugar retained. No preservatives—nothing added. The ideal drink for all the family. Everybody likes pure apple juice.

Ask for
"APPELLA"
large bottle 2/- only

Obtainable from Grocers, Chemists and Health Food Stores.

CHIVERS & SONS LTD., Histon, Cambridge

Collectors' Pieces

OLD FURNITURE
by Sheraton...

OLD SILVER
by Georgian
Craftsmen...

OLD WHISKY
by

OLD ANGUS

A Noble Scotch—Blended for Connoisseurs



CHEER UP! SMOKE A
CHURCHMAN'S No.1

15 minutes' pleasure and satisfaction



Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd. B.4

THE WINDAK "SPORTIE"



A most delightful sports blouse, at a most modest price.

Washable! It is made in permanently rain-resistant

Popada and there are fourteen lovely colours from which to choose.

Windak style, neatness and finish, of course.

Price 4½ Gns.

In case of difficulty please write for the name of nearest stockist to:—

WINDAK LTD., WOODSIDE, POYNTON, CHESHIRE



They always make me welcome

And why not? We do not regard an account as being of small consequence simply because it is small. On the contrary, we believe that the importance of any banking transaction lies in its importance to the customer. We try to meet our customers' requirements in that spirit and to give the same welcome and the same friendly attention to all of them, whatever the size of their accounts. If you would like to know more about the personal quality of Westminster Bank service, the Manager of your local branch will be glad to tell you

WESTMINSTER BANK LIMITED

The long, dreary day has dragged on to its evening. You're leg-weary with shopping without much success. At last and at least you can have half-an-hour's ease in the Parker-Knoll, before John gets home to claim it.



The
CAMPDEN MODEL
Ask to see it at your local Furnishers. To be sure you get the genuine article, see that the salesman writes the name "Parker-Knoll" on your receipt.

Parker-Knoll

PARKER-KNOLL LIMITED · TEMPLE END · HIGH WYCOMBE · BUCKS



ADORN YOUR FLOWERS WITH LIGHT

Until you have seen the effect of REAL Plinth Lighting you have never seen flowers at their loveliest. The diffused upward light which reflects through the vase and its floral contents enhances the fragile beauty of each petal and lends transparency to every leaf.

Plinth Lighting is beautiful everywhere, its perfect in dim corners and provides economical and charming pilot lighting in halls, passages, also for Television viewing.

The Plinth, imbued with modern dignity in design and beautifully finished in coloured pastel enamels is mounted on three rubber feet for furniture protection, equipped with heavy top glass, shock proof porcelain lamp-holder and three yards of flexible cord.

Obtainable from high class Electrical Stores everywhere.

The R·E·A·L

30/- TAX PAID

Send for Free coloured illustrated brochure

PLINTH LIGHT

ROWLANDS ELECTRICAL ACCESSORIES LTD. REAL WORKS BHAM, 18



FROM THE RUSSIAN

COKERNUTS

"WHY do you sigh,
Little Brother?"
"Ivan Ivanovitch,
I was in good heart.
I was preparing
For the Triennial Holiday.
I was thinking thankfully
Of Joseph Stalin,
The Good, the Great,
Who invented holidays.
For, you must know,
Under the cruel Tsars
There were no holidays,
Work was continuous,
As it is to-day
Among the suffering slaves
Of the Wolf States
Of the West.
But then I remembered
The Comrade Boris Itchinsky
Who labours happily
At the unequalled nail-factory
Of Oblovovosk,
Where they make nails
For the houses of the people,
The Peace-lovers,
The Forward-looking Democracies.
I said to him 'Comrade,
Have you completed
Your allotted task
Under the Fifth Five Years' Plan?'
'Comrade,' he answered,
'We completed it
Four years and eleven days
Before the appointed hour.'
'How, then,' I said
'Have you occupied yourself
To-day?'
'Comrade,' said he,
'I have been making
Iron cokernuts
For the Holiday Fairs
Of Peace and Culture.'

Little brother,
My blood froze instantly.
How oft I have stood
At the Holiday Fairs
Of Peace and Culture,
Throwing merrily
My wooden balls
At the foolish cokernuts,
Brought for my pleasure
From tropical islands!
For, I must confess,
Though a Peace-lover
And a Forward-looker,
It is possible to experience



A revolutionary satisfaction
In throwing things
At other things
Which fall down easily
Or break
Into a thousand pieces.
And, as they fell,
The flimsy cokernuts,
The decadent fruit
Of capitalist regions,
I have felt myself
For a moment a master,
A Lenin, a Stalin,
Destroying, ruthlessly,
The idols of the West.
But if the cokernuts
Are made of iron,
Cunningly covered
With appropriate materials,
Then my wooden balls
Will batter them in vain:
Then, it seems to me
That nothing at all
Is sacred to the Planners
And I am correspondingly discouraged.
Suddenly, brother,
A light went out,
When I beheld, in my mind,
The iron cokernuts.
I have untied
My holiday bundle,
And shall remain
In my own place, brooding."
"Little brother,
I know now why you sigh.
There are some
Who would suspect in you
A diversionary trend:
But I understand perfectly,
And, unless arrested,
I shall not betray you."

A. P. H.

We regret that the size of this issue is again limited by the London Printing Trade dispute.

PONDERINGS

WHO would be, I ask myself, a tadpole!
 Or indeed a frog?
 Or even a *Dytiscus Marginalis* or a newt
 In the pond by the fourteenth tee?
 Never knowing at what moment
 The green, concealing algae will be rent
 By fresh bombardment.
 What a life! To cower in the weeds
 Congratulating one another on escape,
 Curbing a desire to boast
 About the greater closeness of one's own particular
 shave,
 Grousing at the ineffectiveness
 Of the fighter screen of obsolete dragon flies,
 Sick of taking it.
 I often wonder if the sound of the onrushing sphere
 Penetrates the depths before it strikes,
 Petrifying the already pop-eyed frogs
 With apprehension.
 Or is the projectile's entry
 Sudden, terrible, unheralded?
 And when the first commotion has died down,

When loud, fierce, cursing men
 Have probed, dredged and departed,
 Leaving all muddled, swirling and confused,
 Is some agreed "all clear" then sounded
 And life resumed again amid the sedimenting waters?
 Maybe the creatures have become inured to hazard—
 quite nonchalant
 (For I have done my share to make them so),
 And pause the merest moment in their daily rounds
 To view the latest skyborne monster—
 Inert now and harmless;
 Nuzzling its lacerated sides;
 Noting its markings;
 Knowingly comparing it
 With all the others long since spent
 And sinking ever deeper in the ooze.
 Is there, I wonder, some most wise and ancient toad,
 Horned, warty and blinking in his grotto,
 Who still recalls the terror-stricken days
 When the first "gutties" plunged into his ken
 And everyone, himself included, said
 "This is the World's End"!

A FAIRY AT THE BOTTOM OF MY GARDEN

THE coolness between my daughter and myself has now worn off. I am glad. It is undignified for a man to quarrel with a little girl over her toys.

It was because of the peas of course. I have been informed that the jay is the only bird that eats peas. If this is true then my garden must be the social centre for all the jays in the south of England. Also, after a prolonged period of indignant bird-watching, I would say that jays vary quite astonishingly in size, plumage and call. Simple people might even believe that a jay bent on pea stealing goes to the lengths of disguising itself first.

Almost to the end of the season we did not have a single pea for ourselves. I tried all the approved methods of discouraging the thieves. I made long garlands of coloured paper and dressed the pea-sticks overall. I festooned strips of tinfoil. I hung jangling, glittering baubles. I stuck my demob. hat on top of a pole.

Between mouthfuls the birds aided digestion by swinging dreamily on my garlands. They used the

tinfoil as a mirror, preening their feathers in it. They attempted to eat the baubles, and spat them out with imprecations. My embryo scarecrow they merely regarded with mild amusement.

Nothing is so infuriating to a gardener as to have every pea-pod expertly ripped from top to bottom and the contents neatly extracted just before it is ready for picking. Rummaging hopelessly through the attic in search of a bird-deterrent I came across the Christmas-tree fairy. Trying to put myself in the place of a bird I looked at her and decided she might work. I took her out and clipped her on to the highest pea-stick. She was a bright little thing. She caught the eye, and the birds treated her with respect.

I do not say those birds actually believed in fairies. I don't suppose it occurred to one of them that, with a single wave of her wand, she might turn them all into human beings. I think it was just the threatening way she wielded that wand that put them off. Anyway, they left alone the peas under

her immediate jurisdiction, feasting cautiously out of her reach.

I saw I had the right idea, and I prospected for more fairies to add to her court. I did not find any. I did, however, find Rosalind's teddy-bear. I set it climbing up the pea-sticks in a resolute manner, and concealed myself to watch the effect. It was excellent. The birds took it for a fierce and athletic ginger cat, and they moved out of that entire row of peas.

This, of course, meant that the remaining rows got extra custom. I reviewed Rosalind's toys after she had gone to bed, and selected a life-like white Scottie. I posted him by the second row in a bird-hating attitude, where he looked so natural that he would probably have kept off human marauders as well. He did his job up to a point. The birds eschewed all the lower pods. They appeared, however, to be sufficiently conversant with natural history to know that Scotties cannot climb, and they continued to assail all pods out of what they judged to be his jumping range.

I enrolled a brown monkey to



ONE OF OURS

"... and it could be one of mine."

assist the Scottie, and soon put a stop to that.

The third and last row of peas was now of course getting all the attention. I tried Piglet, but Piglet struck terror into no heart. I had recourse to Rosalind's biggest doll. I sat the doll up on a strong pea-bough—I had to sit her up, as she was a doll that went to sleep the moment she lay down—and was pleased to find that she commanded instant respect.

The next day, however, it struck Rosalind that she was rather short of toys. She toddled laboriously around the house and garden, and

presently piercing shrieks of joy indicated that she had been reunited with her family. She came indoors clapping them lovingly to her tummy, and the birds came out and fell happily on the peas.

I waited till Rosalind was in bed that evening, and replaced the sentinels. Rosalind, deeply mystified, brought them in again after breakfast.

It was on the fourth day that she connected me with the extraordinary nightly migration, and this time she removed her toys with a cold look at me. But by now I was getting excited. Success was just around the

corner. Late in the year though it was, a picking—the picking—was very nearly ready. Ruthlessly, feeling like the head robber in *Babes in the Wood*, I stationed my guardians of the peas once more, that night.

How was I to know it was going to rain? It deluged, and in the morning poor Rosalind wept and wailed as she tenderly carried in her drowned and ruined family.

I could not look her in the face. I got out the car and went shopping. I bought a doll. A teddy-bear. A Piglet. A brown monkey. A white Scottie. A fairy.

I laid them humbly and remorsefully before my daughter. And she looked at them scornfully and spurned them. In her loyal little heart there was no room for usurpers.

So I wrung out each member of her old family and toiled to renovate them, and that night Rosalind, happy once more but deeply suspicious, took the whole batch to bed with her, lying protectingly on top of those she could not get into her embrace. She loved them for the dangers they had passed, and I loved her that she did pity them.

So at last, just before the season ended, we had our picking of peas. Thanks to the permanent and undisputed presence among the pea-sticks of a brand-new doll, teddy-bear, Piglet, brown monkey, white Scottie and fairy.

Rosalind and I will not quarrel over her toys again. We each have our own, now.



"And here's one of Angela—that's my eldest son
Henry's youngest—riding a donkey on the sands."

1940 — 1950

We remember the Few, who died in the Battle of Britain ten years ago. They, and the Many who died in the battles fought by the R. A. F. in succeeding years, would ask us this week to remember also the women and children they left behind them.

Donations should be sent to Lord Riverdale, R.A.F. Benevolent Fund, 1, Sloane Street, London, S.W.1.



THE STABLE CLOCK

were the stables.
 Victorian but impressive, don't you think?
 really those high, mock-Judor gables.
 Suppose this house is the last link
 with the Grayling family. They sold,
 moved away. I don't know where.
 If Lord Grayling was alive, I'm told
 used to come down here every day —
 that clock-tower, cream-painted wood?
 set his watch by it. So they say —
 the architecture isn't very good —
 But somehow I don't really care.

During the war
 worked here, five mornings a week.
 was in these stables, through that green

work for the Ministry — you must
 heard me speak.
 Sometimes the place still smelt of horse!
 that clock's the thing I particularly like...

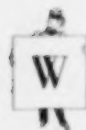
it wasn't going, and then of course
 of the boys managed to wind it up
 began to strike. That was a great occasion;
 and any work — we even made a special cup
 it was when we all expected the Invasion) —
 sat there, waiting for it to strike.

Now it's stopped again.
 ever comes here except inquisitive people like me.
 stretch up and peer through this bottom pane
 see how they left it — dusty memos — you see?
 and a calendar, and six long tables — — —
 different then, when the clock used to go.

don't think there's anything else in the stables;
 not much to look at — they've had their day.
 very grand but — I don't know how —
 attractive in their own queer way — — —
 what's going to become of the whole place now,
 nobody quite seems to know.



AT THE PICTURES

The Miniver Story—Destination Moon

WHATEVER serious critics may say, and they are liable to say plenty, nothing can keep *The Miniver Story* (Director:

H. C. POTTER) from enormous popularity with the movie-going masses. It contains a beloved mother given six months to live, a loyal father torn between ambition and tradition, an innocent daughter ensnared by a sophisticated charmer, a small boy—may I say a kiddie?—given to quaint observations; it makes incidental references to Dunkirk and the Desert and VE Day, complete with real Churchill speech; it is steeped in that self-conscious, lower-middle-class ordinariness (for the Minivers, very upper-middle-class in their surroundings, remain obstinately lower-middle-class in their behaviour) which a generation brought up in the terrifying belief that ordinariness is a virtue love to see as the reflection of themselves. With so many infallible stimulants to tears and laughter and pride and what-have-you it matters little that the dialogue is trite, the screen-play machine-made and the acting, with two exceptions, rudimentary.

Mrs. Miniver, in her allotted span, is set two problems: to settle her husband's unrest with post-war Britain and to ensure that her daughter marries the former grocer's boy instead of the glamorous general. She achieves the first by shifting Mr. Miniver's office furniture into another room with a nicer view and the second by confessing to the brass-battled Steve that her family know nothing about Art, represented here by Grieg's A minor Concerto. She then dies, off, ensuring that there will be no further sequels, for which on the whole we may be grateful.

As Mrs. Miniver GREER GARSON has little to do but keep her eyes bravely fixed on the middle distance; but CATHY O'DONNELL, boldly cast as an English ingénue, is beautifully convincing as the daughter and LEO GENN has a lot of fun with the piano-playing general.

From so very mundane a milieu it is a relief occasionally to slip away to the moon or somewhere; and in *Destination Moon* (Director: IRVING PICHEL) we can visit our barren satellite in all the starkness of Technicolor. There is a rather too didactic introduction concerned with politics and strategy; but the main part of the film is given over to a return journey to the moon by rocket, in the course of which the moon is annexed to be the forty-ninth state of the U.S.A., "in the



[The Miniver Story]
Dear Hearts and Gentle People
Mr. and Mrs. Miniver—WALTER
PIDGEON and GREER GARSON

name of God and on behalf of all mankind," and for the purest strategical reasons. It is all a bit juvenile, perhaps; but we read so often in our popular scientific digests about the characteristics of space-travel—the complete loss of weight, the sensation of absolute stillness

and so on—that it is fun for once to see it all happening. A good deal of trouble has been taken to ensure that the scientific detail is either accurate or, where accuracy would torpedo the story, endowed sufficiently with the appearance of accuracy to pass muster. I doubt whether the lighting in outer space would be quite so convenient, or the temperature so bearable; at any rate the story is convincing enough if you are in the mood to accept it. And if the idea of sending a rocket to the moon can only be sold to a lot of hard-headed businessmen through the medium of a Woody Woodpecker cartoon, as it appears from

this picture, perhaps we need not be so shy about being a little juvenile after all.

* * * * *

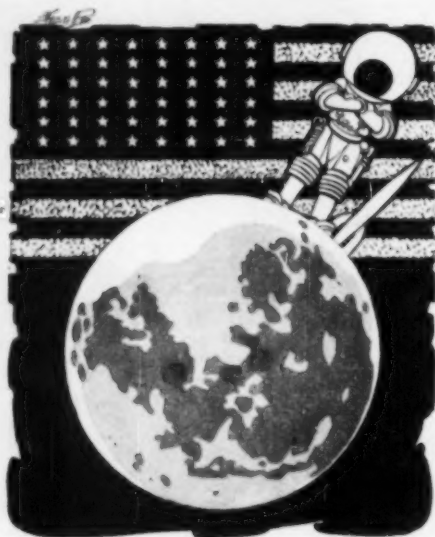
Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Pick of the recent releases are *Trio* (16/8/50), a suite of Maugham short stories, and *Fancy Pants* (23/8/50), the latest Bob Hope. *Winchester '73* (19/7/50), a really stylish Western, and *Panic in the Streets* (9/8/50), a first-class thriller, are still about and high on the recommended list.

At the Cameo-Polytechnic for one week only is *Le Visiteur*, a very distinguished French revival, originally shown here in 1949.

B. A. YOUNG



[Destination Moon]
The 49th State

An American Citizen—JOHN ARCHER

BIG SQUIDS AND LITTLE ZEBRAS

"THE temperature," said Betts, "has to be kept at seventy-eight degrees."

He scrambled madly about among the wires at his feet and hauled out a small thermometer.

"Over eighty degrees!" he shouted. "They'll be fried!"

The fish in the tank swam up and down imperturbably.

"In 'The Kon-Tiki Expedition,'" I said, "they caught the most amazing fish. It had very large eyes—"

Betts held up a jam jar which appeared to be full of glue.

"Just drop half a teaspoonful of this in once a week," he cut in. "It's their plankton."

"The Kon-Tiki people caught their plankton in a net under the raft. They used to sort the stuff out under a microscope, tiny shrimps and—"

"I boil up a banana skin—and don't ask me where I get a banana skin with no blue ration book—and then I drop in a spoonful of common garden soil. When it's stood for two days it's ready."

He produced a magnifying glass.

"A mass of minute creatures!" he exclaimed, squinting through the glass. "Have a look!"

I waved it aside.

"The plankton that the Kon-Tiki crew caught was edible—a sort of marine stew, and very nourishing. The part I liked best, though, was the description of the fish at night. Huge heads would appear at the side of the raft, with glaring green eyes, shining like phosphorus. Squids, they were, giant squids!"

Betts wasn't listening. He was gazing, in a far-away trance, at his little fish.

"Zebras, they call those. And that's a Black Molly. Well, a Speckled Molly really, as it's not completely black," he said dreamily.

"The Kon-Tiki people found a fish with very large eyes—"

"You told me," said Betts, still staring.

"—called a gempylus," I finished doggedly. "It was very rare, like an eel, but with horrible teeth that could snap off a rope."

Betts was dribbling some fish-food dust into the water.

"I only give them this twice a week. You'd better make it the Tuesday and Friday we're away. I shall feed them before we go."

"These men used to swim about under the raft and study the fish that collected there. Lots of striped pilot fish there were, and some big fellows called gold-finned tunnies . . ."

Betts was leading the way into the bathroom.

"Very beautiful fish evidently," I went on, trailing after him. "They sometimes changed colour. They would be silver with a suffusion of pale violet, it said, and when you think of the golden fins waving all the time—"

In the bath was an erection of large tins and pie dishes, surmounted by another jam jar. A tap dripped into it. Mechanically I turned it off.

Viciously Betts turned it on again.

"There are LIVING WORMS in there," he breathed. "Turn off that tap and they'll be DEAD WORMS which my fish won't eat. Got it?"

I hauled in my mind some thousands of miles—away from flying fish and Pacific seas, away from six gallant men on nine indomitable balsa logs—and confronted Betts and his jam jar.

"You listening?" he asked. "All you've got to remember is:

1. Temperature at seventy-eight degrees ALWAYS.
2. Fish food twice a week.
3. Plankton once a week.
4. These worms whenever you like, but don't handle them. Put them in with the tongs.

Think you can cope with all that!"

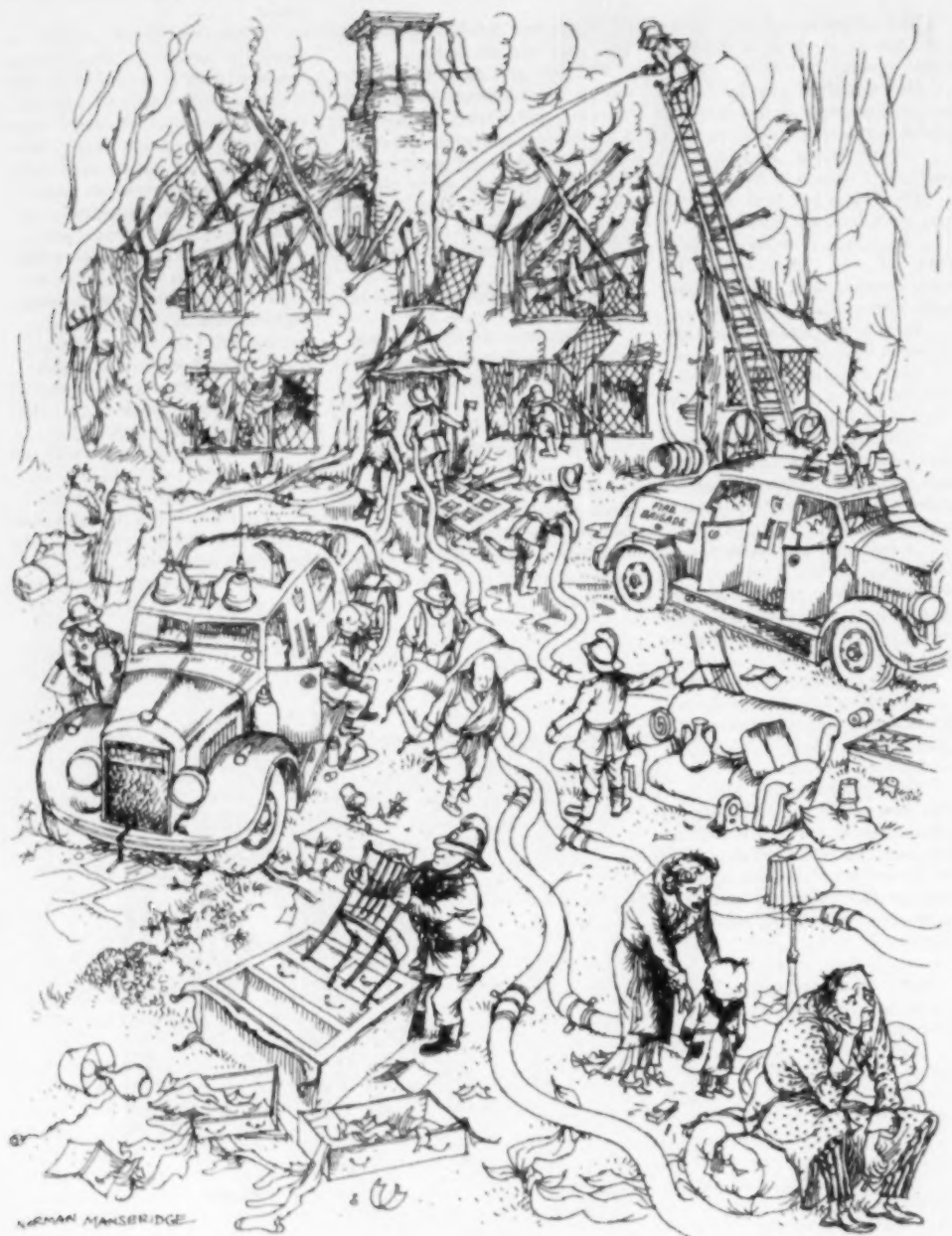
He looked horribly anxious.

I gave a brave Scandinavian laugh and threw my blond hair back from my eyes.

"Easy!" I said.



"I keep telling her she mustn't pick them."



"Tell Daddy you're sorry."

A QUICK ONE

I WAS credited with a duck last Saturday. Regular readers of this journal will be aware that there is at least one precedent for this happening, but the circumstances of my latest debacle were so unusual, besides being so outrageously unfortunate, that I propose to describe them in detail.

We were playing the Fiddlers, and I was particularly anxious to do well. You know how critical small boys home from school can be, and I haven't yet heard the end of a catch I somehow grassed in the Fathers' Match last term. Actually the sun was in my eyes at the time, but that has never been officially recognized, and we are concerned at the moment with last week's game.

Owing to a mental lapse on the part of our skipper I went in rather late. To be precise it was me—*et præterea nihil*, except for the extras. That made me doubly determined to put up a show.

Now there is a recognized technique for beginning one's innings: a defensive stroke just to get the feel of the ball on the bat, yet played sufficiently hard to ensure the speedy opening of one's account. In fact, a quick one. Hobbs used to start off like that, though I cannot help feeling he was luckier in his partners than I was last Saturday.

Such was my plan, therefore, when the Fiddlers took our ninth wicket, and I struck my first ball firmly in the direction of mid-off. As things turned out it went through the slips, and I immediately called for a run.

Of course there are right and wrong ways of answering such a call, and I maintain that Jones was quite out of order in shouting "No, no, get back you clot" at that juncture. Even less was he justified in standing stock-still whilst I completed my first run. Then, since he was loath to move, I had to go all the way back. Luckily third-man was living up to the title of his team, and there was just time, which meant that I had hit two without scoring; but this was only a beginning.

Determined to atone for his



"Wben!"

fumbling with a smart return the fieldsmen threw in hard. The wicket-keeper couldn't reach the ball, and I merely deflected it with my short ribs out of mid-on's way.

Here was an easy single for an overthrow, so once again I called and ran—only to find that ~~ass~~ Jones talking to the umpire, with the result that I clocked up four lengths without breaking my duck. You may think this a record, but you wait.

By this time, as may be imagined, there was a certain tension in the air. The deck-chair critics were awake to a man, and the Fiddlers were instructing one another in the finer points of the game whilst heaping curses on the head of mid-wicket, busily retrieving near the boundary.

A moment later, and the ball had passed the bowler en route for the farther side of the ground. Cover missed it, and I missed my footing in starting my fifth run and fell flat on my face and my wicket just as Jones came pounding up the pitch. Jones looks rather like the Bodsers, except when bowling or

batting, and he came a frightful purser over my legs. But he was up and about again in nearly no time, and we did the next lap shoulder to shoulder.

Back at his end we discussed who was to make the return journey. I said it was Jones's honour, and Jones said a lot in what I still hope was Welsh.

I felt awfully lonely on that last leg; the distance seemed interminable, and I had a nasty suspicion that I was being over-rash in running six so soon after lunch. All the same I could have made it if my confounded belt hadn't let me down when I was half-way home. I had to drop my bat and devote both hands to my trousers from then on, which lengthened my distance by a couple of yards, and one too many.

Deep-extra slung the ball in, the wicket-keeper snatched up a stump, and the umpire said I was out, which was fair enough in the circumstances. What did annoy me, however, was that, because we hadn't crossed, no runs were recorded in my favour despite my long innings; and I haven't lived that game down yet.

TRANQUILITY RECOLLECTED IN EMOTION

A PRIMROSE by the river's brim
a simple primrose was to him—
so was it once to me:

but now the more that I adore
the world of Nature,
why, the more
does it withhold, what once it gave,
its benison tranquillity.

Now the Celtic curve of the wave
moulded in some whorled sea-cave
tells me of wave-impulses
in my brain that knows no ease.

Now the damascened flower-petal
tells me: Since man mastered metal
he has set himself apart

from all other beasts, and made
a dreadful anvil of his heart.

Now fox and badger, jay and vole
shriek: Fool! You think that you
control,
for your greedy ends, our lives?
We will see who best survives.

Now rock and river say:
We contend
in a war that has no end,
but the one hurts not the other:
why does brother war with brother?
Thought and feeling are your ruin:
neither of us is your friend.

Only light,
which Cézanne
saw, as much as any man
ever can
see through God's eyes, creatively,
still gives me tranquillity.

Only light, which bathes all living
Nature in its sweet, forgiving
pity, tells me:
Open your eyes;
see:
understand what you see, without
emotion,
and you will find your lost tran-
quillity. R. C. SCRIVEN



"No, I never sleep well in a strange bed."

NOTICE.—Contributions or Communications requiring an answer should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed Envelope or Wrapper. The entire copyright in all Articles, Sketches, Drawings, etc., published in PUNCH is specifically reserved to the Proprietors throughout the countries signatory to the BERNE CONVENTION, the U.S.A., and the Argentine. Reproductions or imitations of any of these are therefore expressly forbidden. The Proprietors will, however, always consider any request from authors of literary contributions for permission to reprint. CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, re-sold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorized cover by way of Trade, the full retail price of 6d., and that it shall not be lent, re-sold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorized cover by way of Trade, or offered to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.



Printed at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Entered as 2nd-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., P.O., 1895. Postage of this issue: Gt. Britain and Ireland 1d.; Canada 1d.; Elsewhere Overseas 1d. SUBSCRIPTION RATES.—Yearly, including Extra Numbers and Postage: Inland 30s. Overseas 36s. U.S.A. \$5.25; Canada 34s. or \$5.35.



WHEN MEN WERE MEN AND WOMEN WERE WOMEN



THERE WERE GIANTS in those days, as the old saying goes. People in olden times mostly had a vigour, a gusto, a pleasure in living that is often killed by the bustle and strain of modern life. 'Sanatogen' gives you back that gusto, that pleasure. 'Sanatogen' creates new reserves which will recapture for you that vitality and excitement of an heroic age. It supplies essential phosphorus and protein to build up both nerves and body, in a form the system can easily assimilate.

SANATOGEN THE NERVE TONIC

'Sanatogen' (Regd. Trade Mark) is obtainable at all chemists from 5/6d. inc. tax.

Enrich your Salads



salad cream



"...and I
must remember
to buy some
McVitie & Price
Biscuits"



FAMOUS FOR OVER 50 YEARS

Digestive Sweet Meal Biscuits by

McVITIE & PRICE

Makers of Finest Quality Biscuits

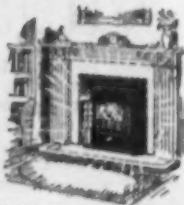
McVITIE & PRICE LTD. • EDINBURGH • LONDON • MANCHESTER



At Breakfast time...

Come down to 'Cozy' Comfort

It's nice to get up in the morning knowing there are no grates to clean out and no fires to light, and that you can breakfast in comfort in a room kept thoroughly warm overnight with a COZY Stove. Clean, safe and labour-saving, COZY Stoves burn continuously with the very minimum of attention and at remarkably low fuel cost. The COZY burns any kind of solid fuel and with the fire-doors open gives the cheerful glow of an open fire.



COZY STOVES

If desired, COZY Stoves can be supplied with an efficient boiler for domestic hot water supply.

keep alight day and night

Ask your Druggist or Builder's Merchant for brochure, or write to:-
THE COZY STOVE CO., LTD., 26 NASSAU STREET, LONDON, W.1



Yes, it's made-to-measure

So many men seem to like our Man's Shop that we have decided to extend it a little — both in space and scope. It can now offer you both pyjamas and shirts made-to-measure. Here's an example in very fine Sea Island cotton poplin. Coat style, two collars with good tie-space. Fresh-looking Bengal and pin stripes. Many other fabrics. Prices from 65/-.

Liberty

of Regent
Street

[AN INTELLIGENT MAN'S GUIDE TO SHOES]

Brogues and vagabonds

LONG-RANGE pessimists tell us that in a few million years men will have lost the use of their feet. Walking, as a means of locomotion, will be as out of date as swinging by the tail from tree to tree. Science alone will march on.

As shoemakers of vision we take a serious view of this.

That is one

reason why we specialise in shoes to revive the dying vagabond spirit. We bring comfort and cheer to men who still yearn for the wide open spaces where feet are feet and shoes must fit.

Take a look at this virile-looking brogue in brown grained calf. Made by Manfield



Outdoor Man,
A.D. 1990

for that obsolescent creature the Outdoor Man, it is ideal for golfing, shooting, hunting the hostelry, or just for walking. This shoe costs 59/6d. It is, as the advertisements sometimes say, Unbeatable Value.



MANFIELD-MADE MEN'S BROGUE in brown grained calf. In sizes and half-sizes 3-12 and three widths in the half size. Price 59/6d. Also in genuine calf, 63/-.

SHOES FROM

Manfield

MAKE A GOOD IMPRESSION



BY ROYAL COMMAND

'Take a shop,' said the Prince, and Mr. Marcovitch, who, a hundred years ago, was making his cigarettes in an obscure room near Piccadilly knew that their excellence had made him famous. Ever since, Marcovitch Cigarettes have been made to the same high standards as won the approval of that Eminent Personage and his friends; they are rolled of the very finest tobacco, for the pleasure of those whose palates appreciate perfection.



Marcovitch

BLACK AND WHITE

cigarettes for Virginia smokers

25 for 5/3

Also **BLACK AND WHITE**

SMOKING MIXTURE

2 oz. tin 9/5

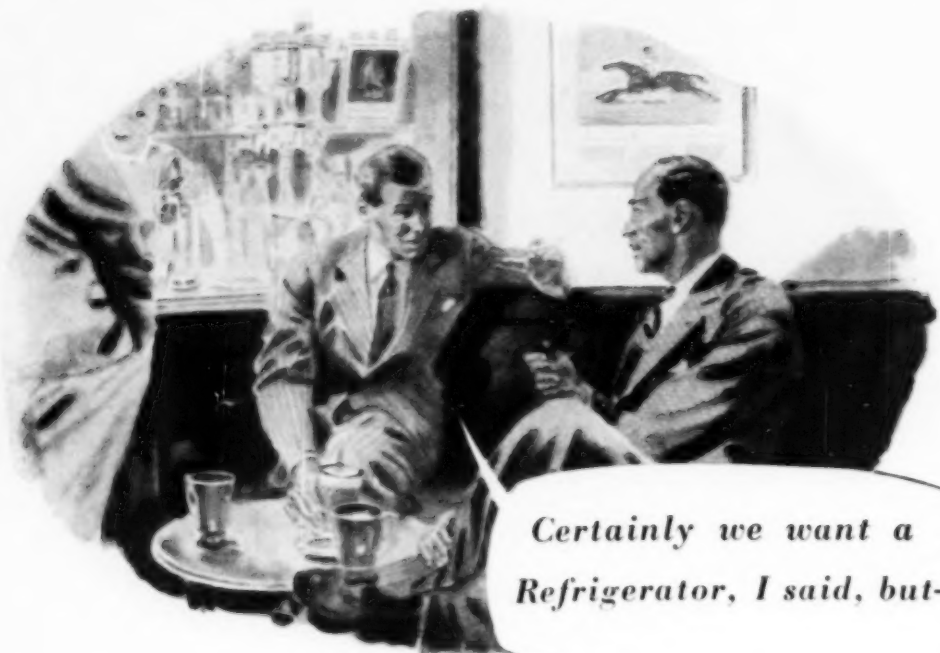
ISSUED BY GODFREY PHILLIPS LTD



SCHWEPPE'S TONIC, with a slice
of lemon*; curiously refreshing
—that's our secret.

** Adults sometimes add gin*

SCHWEPPE'S VERVE SCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH



"But what?" said she.

"But *not* if it means breaking the bank to do so", I replied.

"A refrigerator's not cheap, you know. What we want is the best at the lowest cost, and that's—"

"Prestcold", she said.

"And believe me, old man, she was right. Trust a wife to know what's what where the home's concerned! We looked at 'em all—here, there and everywhere. Ploughed

through reams of literature. Studied 'em from every angle, hers *and* mine. Design, capacity, running costs, engineering, features, price. And Prestcold was way ahead.

"And when I tell you we're saving several quid on the model we've chosen, you'll see why I say you ought to get one, too."



Model S311

Price £48

Plus £11.19.2. Tax



Model S472

Price £68

Plus £17.0.7 Tax

—we're going to have a
PRESTCOLD
the best—at the lowest cost

5 year guarantee! Every Prestcold Domestic Refrigerator is powered by the exclusive 'Presmetic' hermetically sealed unit which carries a 5 year guarantee for your protection!

In addition there is a comprehensive range of Prestcold equipment for commercial use—service cabinets, ice-cream conservators, frozen food cabinets, cold rooms, milk coolers, etc. For full details, contact any Prestcold Distributor or write direct.



there is a Prestcold model to suit every home, every pocket

PRESSED STEEL COMPANY LTD • COWLEY • OXFORD

This lovely 'Pyrex' brand pie-dish, in gleaming glass, costs only 2/6d! You'll find a use for it every day!



You've never tasted such good Baked Onions as these!

MORE DELICIOUS FOOD, SAVING OF TIME AND FUEL, WITH 'PYREX' BRAND OVEN-TABLE GLASSWARE

YOU'VE never tasted onions to equal those baked slowly and tenderly in a 'Pyrex' brand casserole! And there's a reason for it.

This lovely, sparkling oven-table glassware cooks in a special way. Glass retains the heat, and gives it out to the food inside evenly and gently. This gives a regulated, through-and-through cooking. There's no over-cooking; the original flavour

and juices of the food are all held in. And what a joy this ovenware is to use! So labour-saving! No messy saucepans to wash up — no waste or trouble in dishing up. And these gleaming glass-casseroles, so beautifully designed, look beautiful on the table.

Give your family a treat. Bake onions whole in a 'Pyrex' brand dish, with a little fat, in a moderate oven for 1½ to 2 hours, and serve topped with chopped parsley. Delicious! There's lots of variety now in 'Pyrex' brand oven-table ware at your local shop. Get some soon and enjoy happier, better cooking.

Best for cooking, cheapest and loveliest oven-table ware

'PYREX' BRAND OVEN-TABLE GLASSWARE

All 'Pyrex' brand members carry a 12 months' free replacement guarantee against breakage in new-hand. It is made by James A. Hocking & Co. Ltd., Wear Glass Works, Sunderland.

CHOOSE YOUR 'PYREX' BRAND OVENWARE HERE

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1 1½ pint covered casserole (oval), 2/6d. | 2 1½ pint covered casserole (round), 2/6d. |
| 3 1 pint pie-plate, 2/- | 4 1 pint pudding dish, 1/6d. |
| 5 1½ pint oval pie-dish, 2/6d. | 6 Scalloped shell, 6d. each. |

A HOUSEPROUD WOMAN IS A "HOOVERPROUD" WOMAN

THERE ARE OVER 2,000,000 SATISFIED HOOVER OWNERS IN THE BRITISH ISLES ALONE

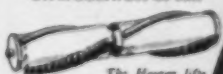
THE HOOVER Cleaner not only saves hours of hard, back-aching labour every week. It also saves your carpets — because the "Hoover" does so much more than ordinary vacuum cleaners.

Remember, "it beats . . . as it sweeps . . . as it cleans." By gently *beating* the carpet on a cushion of air, it loosens the damaging, trodden-in, gritty dirt. By *sweeping*, it keeps the carpet fresh and colourful. And by *suction*, it removes all dirt.

You will be delighted, too, with the cleaning tools for curtains, upholstery, etc. In fact, in every way the "Hoover" is a magnificent engineering job. It's a very good-looking machine, too. You'll be proud to have it about your home.

There is a complete range of Hoover Cleaners. Prices, with cleaning tools — from 10 gns. to 22 gns. (plus tax). Hire Purchase available. See your Hoover Dealer now.

IT GENTLY BEATS THE CARPET ON A CUSHION OF AIR



The Hoover lifts every little section of the carpet from the floor in turn, and, by means of an exclusive Agitator (illustrated), gently beats it on a cushion of air, thus extracting the trodden-in, gritty dirt.



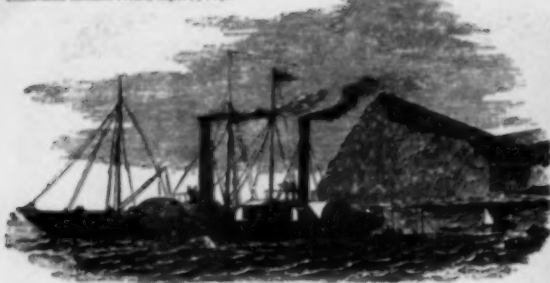
The HOOVER REGD. TRADE MARK CLEANER

IT BEATS . . . as it Sweeps . . . as it Cleans

HOOVER LIMITED

PERIVALE · GREENFORD · MIDDOLESEX

Illustrated London News, Sept. 7, 1870



From such small things

Will it work? Shall we be in touch with Calais to-night? These thoughts must have filled anxious minds 100 years ago, as from Dover there started the first attempt to create telegraphic communication with France. The giant drum on the deck of the paddle tug "GOLIATH", coiled with 30 miles of wire, began to turn. Within ten hours the cable had been laid successfully, and the submarine telegraph had triumphed.

To-day, the 155,000 miles of ocean cables, owned and maintained by Cable & Wireless Ltd. are constantly humming with news flashes, business deals and communications of State. The Company operate overseas telegraph stations in the Crown Colonies and many foreign countries. Their cables link United Kingdom postal telegraph offices with the Commonwealth cable network.

CABLE & WIRELESS LTD

Cable & Wireless Ltd., Electra House, Victoria Embankment, London, W.C.

CNS-125

FITZROY HOUSE
Newmarket,
Suffolk

COPE'S STABLE INFORMATION

No. 1 of a series describing famous racing establishments



THIS ESTABLISHMENT has been occupied by several famous racing men, including Bob Sievier, Sir Victor Sassoon and Jack Crarford. Until Marcus Marsh took over last December, it was run by Frank Butters.

Among winners trained by Butters were Bahram, Mahmoud, Firdausi, Turkan, Tehran, Udaipur, Light Brocade, Steady Aim, Masaka, Felicitation, Unsided, Ruston Pasha, Migoli and Petition. Marsh maintained the reputation of the Stable by taking the first of the classics with Palestine. Diablerette, Khorassan, Moondust and Tambara are other big stakes winners of the 1930 season.

Another honoured name in Turf circles is that of the House of Cope. Since 1895, Cope's Confidential Credit Service has been the sporting man's "first string" for integrity, fair dealing and dependability. Off-the-course backers find in Cope's the complete answer to all their betting needs in a service distinguished by its courtesy and personal attention. Why not write today for your copy of Cope's fascinating new brochure?

DAVID COPE & LUDGATE CIRCUS
LONDON E.C.4
"The World's Best Known Turf Accountants"



BAHRAM — Triple Crown winner in 1925



MAHMOUD — The 1930 Derby winner

You can depend on
COPE'S



ANOTHER TUBE GONE

Sudden calls to replace or repair burnt-out boiler tubes are not uncommon, and one of the causes can be scale deposited in the boiler from the water. The modern way of avoiding scale formation in industrial boilers is by conditioning the boiler water with Calgon (sodium metaphosphate) one of Albright & Wilson's phosphates. Calgon not only prevents the formation of scale in boilers but will keep feed pipes and valves clear as well. It will in fact all be clear to you if you care to consult Albright & Wilson's Technical Service Department.

ALBRIGHT & WILSON LTD

CALGON

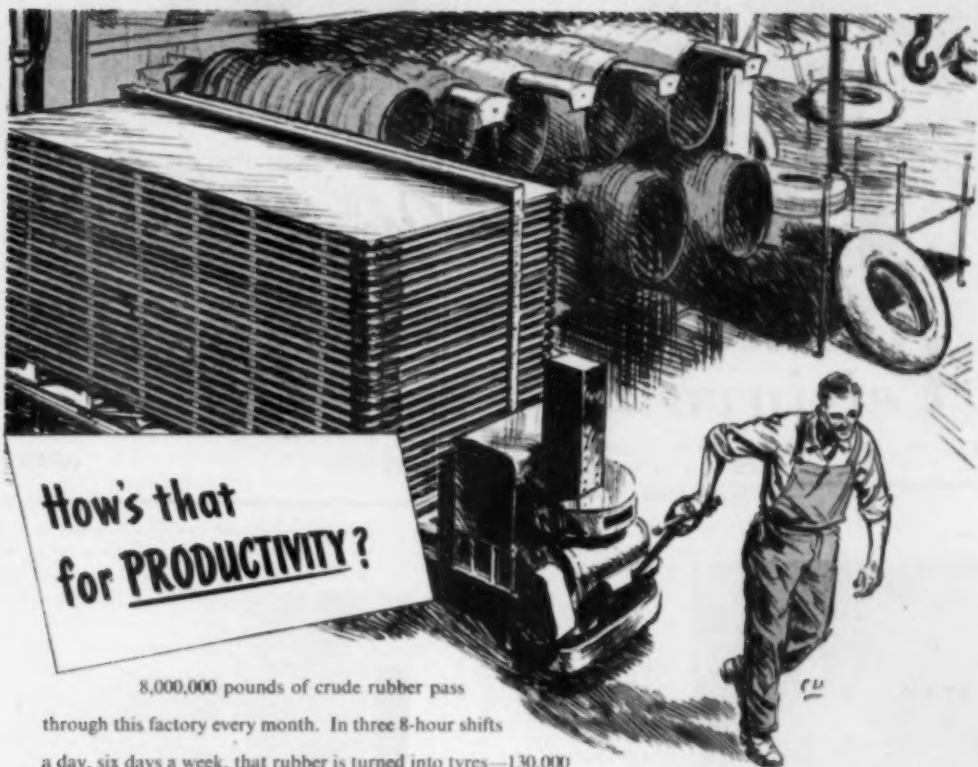


49 PARK LANE · LONDON · W.1 · Tel: GRO. 1311 · Works: Oldbury & Widnes



new 155

He's shifting 3 tons of rubber—with one hand!



How's that
for **PRODUCTIVITY?**

8,000,000 pounds of crude rubber pass through this factory every month. In three 8-hour shifts a day, six days a week, that rubber is turned into tyres—130,000 of them. *It wouldn't be easy to reach or hold the pace if the rubber were still being moved by hand—dragged from point to point by human muscles, a ton and a half of it at a time!* Three battery electric trucks, powered by Exide-Ironclad batteries, have changed that part of the picture. Loads of three tons are picked up now, 'led' across the factory and off-loaded in quick time—and one man needs only one hand to lead a truck! All over the country, in light and heavy industries alike, battery electric trucks—silent, easy to operate, fumeless and cheap to run—are cutting costs, raising output and freeing wasted manpower for productive work.

*The Battery Traction Dept. of Chloride Batteries Ltd, 77 King St, Manchester 2 will gladly discuss with you any aspect of electric traction.

For mechanical handling at lowest cost
ELECTRIC TRUCKS* POWERED BY
Exide-Ironclad BATTERIES
A PRODUCT OF
CHLORIDE
BATTERIES LIMITED

EXIDE WORKS • CLIFTON JUNCTION • NEAR MANCHESTER



IN WIND OR RAIN WEAR A
Peltinvain

WEATHERCOAT

Available from the best Men's Shops
Made by JOHN MARES LTD., BASINGSTOKE



Every masterpiece marks the attainment of its age, and endures as an inspiration and a challenge to posterity.

This example is a portrait of Madame de Pompadour, by Francois Boucher (1703-1770) and is in the Victoria & Albert Museum.



ROLLS-ROYCE

THE BEST CAR IN THE WORLD

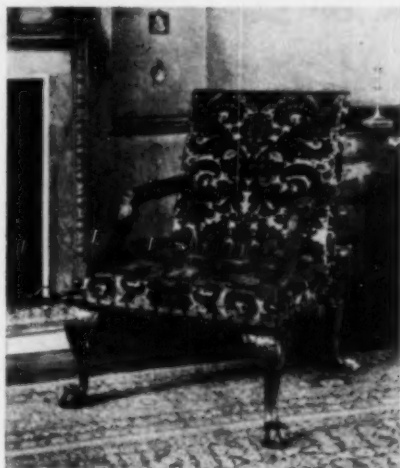
ROLLS-ROYCE LIMITED, 14-15 CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.1



*Make friends
with
Martell*
COGNAC

THREE STAR

CORDON BLEU



An exceptionally fine walnut George 1 library chair with acanthus leaf carving to the knees & elbows, on lion's paw feet; covered in blue & grey Genoa velvet; in an excellent state of preservation.

GREGORY & Co. (Bruton St.) LTD.

27 Bruton Street, London, W.1

Established 1825

Telephone: Mayfair 3608/9/0

Distinguished by its
traditional goodness

CRAVEN MIXTURE

is smoked by men
who appreciate
deeply the best in life

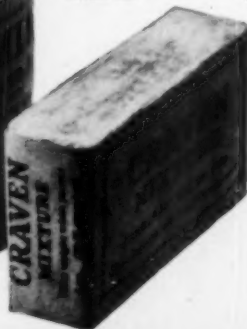


Cool smoking and smooth flavoured, with a charming fragrance all its own, CRAVEN MIXTURE is today distinguished by the same high quality and satisfaction that won it fame 150 years ago. Made from the world's choicest leaf to the original formula first blended for the Earl of Craven, this tobacco is acknowledged one of the finest ever made, and its old time goodness is a rigidly maintained tradition which gives lasting contentment to discriminating smokers.



4/5d.

an ounce in Fine Cut
or Double Broad Cut.
Packed in 1-oz. foil
pockets, 2-oz. and 4-oz.
straight tin.



"It is a Tobacco to live for"

—Sir James Barrie in "My Lady Nicotine"



John's starting out in the World ...

He's earning his living and he's got to find his own feet. What an advantage it is for him to have the Y.M.C.A. where he can meet his pals and join in the games and hobbies he likes. And what a comfort to his parents to know that he spends his spare time in a friendly, wholesome atmosphere among the right sort of people!

Many a young man entering the Forces or starting a civilian career finds lasting personal friendship and spiritual support in the Y.M.C.A. But the need for its service grows daily greater.

Please send the most generous donation you can afford to help the Y.M.C.A. to extend its work.

Donations may be sent to
the Rt. Hon. the Earl of
Athlone, K.G., G.C.B.,
President of the Y.M.C.A.
War and National Service
Fund; 112, Great
Russell St., London, W.C.1

Y.M.C.A. WAR AND NATIONAL SERVICE FUND
(Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940)



IMPERIAL LEATHER

HAND-FINISHED

Toilet Soaps

All who are sensitive to the finer shades
of quality delight in Cussons hand
finished Imperial Leather Toilet Soaps.



CUSSONS SONS & CO. LTD., 4, BROOK ST., GROSVENOR SQ., LONDON, W.1

Lucozade



The sparkling

GLUCOSE

drink

To help regain strength lost in fighting illness or infection—you would give LUCOZADE. To tempt an unwilling appetite—there is nothing better than LUCOZADE. And if you, yourself, are feeling just a little short of energy, somewhat tired, take a glass of LUCOZADE! There are moments when we all need this sparkling glucose drink.

In LUCOZADE there is help for the sick, the exhausted and the convalescent. To the jaded appetite—the refreshing sparkle of LUCOZADE is irresistible. Parents are deeply impressed by the way children take to LUCOZADE—willingly, eagerly, when other foods may have been refused. To help in building up children's vitality—give them this exciting, refreshing drink. And then watch them lift up their little faces for more. Once tasted, LUCOZADE is never refused.

*Invaluable in sickness
and in health*

LUCOZADE needs no digesting. It presents no problem to the most delicate of stomachs. It is a form of energy which is assimilated immediately. So widely recognised are these virtues that LUCOZADE is used extensively in CLINICS, HOSPITALS, NURSING HOMES and SCHOOL SANATORIA. See your chemist today about a supply of LUCOZADE.

From Chemists

2/6 a bottle

Plus bottle deposit 3d. (returnable)



Get

Lucozade

it is so energising and palatable



LUCOZADE LIMITED, GREAT WEST ROAD, BRENTFORD, MIDDLESEX

royds 24/L